NOTES FROM LONDON

THE PRIME MINISTER-THE PRESS-THE MAILS.

IFROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. LONDON, January 18.

Mr. Gladstone's journey to Cannes is the result of an invitation by telegraph from Lord Wolverton, who has a villa there, and has been one of Mr. Gladstone's intimate friends. It was not ventured on without much debate. There is a great deal to be said against Cannes. The air of the Riviera at this season is dry and stimulating. Mr. Gladstone is in no need of stimulants. What he requires is sedative treatment; a climate that will give repose to the overstrained nerves. The drainage is doubtful. Alarmed by the racket made year before last, the municipal authorities sanctioned a large scheme for new sewers, but one hears that this was carried out in part only, and the sanitary people say that imperfect drainage is considerably worse than none. This, however, is a matter which Lord Wolverton, living as he does in the place for the winter, must be supposed to have taken into account. He is a very rich man and likely to have done what is needful to make his own house healthy, whatever may be the condition of the town in general. Then there is the long journey. Mr. Gladstone, born in the days of mail coaches, is not a very good traveller and dislikes the confinement and fatigue of a roilway carriage. But these and other objections have been overruled. Dr. Clark and the Prime Minister's family agreed in thinking that it would be next to impossible for Mr. Gladstone to get any real rest at Hawarden, and no place in England seemed to promise complete isolation and abstraction from public affairs. It is a rare thing that a Prime Minister should be

absent from the realm. When Lord Beaconsfield went to Berlin, precedents were sought for, but few found, if any. Mr. Gladstone does not, like his predecessor, depart on a diplomatic or political mission, but he leaves the country at a moment when his individual influence is at its highest. No Minister since Pitt has been so powerful. Lord Beaconsfield was never quite free from opposition in his own Cabinet, and never more than divided with Mr. Gladstone the allegiance of the country at large. Mr. Gladstone is supreme in the Ministry, and there is absolutely nobody who can even pretend to meet him on equal terms in the House of Commons or before the people. He is more than Prime Minister. He is the Ministry. Time was when a Prime Minister might be voted down in his own Cabinet. That occurred often. Not only is Mr. Gladstone not voted down, but if accounts of a private conclave may be believed, no vote is ever taken. If Mr. Gladstone thinks one way and his colleagues the other, efforts are made to convince him, alf they succeed, well and good, but an attempt to overrule his decision is unheard of. It has been said over and over again of late that it does not matter who is in the Cabinet, so long as Mr. Gladstone is the Head of it. So far as Cabinet decisions are concerned, that is perfectly true. Whether the Whigs are reinforced by Lord Derby or the Radicals by Sir Charles Dilke, the balance of power remains what it was ; if the phrase balance of power can be used where the power is a unit. There is, as there always is, an inner Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone does not, I fancy, make many appeals to the generality of his colleagues for advice, He is in the habit of consulting two or at most three men. It might be indiscreet to name them, but there can be no great harm in saying that Mr. Chamberlain is not of the number. There may, even, be some use in saying so, A notice has been propagated that Mr. Chamberlain's voice in council is heard with deference. I suppose he would be listened to on questions affecting the party, because he is the chief of one very active clique in the party. He would have attention also on matters touching the business of his own department. Beyond that his share in the government of this empire is Platonic. Mr. Gladstone governs. He governs, of course, by the confidence of the people. If anything happened to impair that confidence, his authority would be rapidly diminished. But at present there are no signs that the electorate is disposed to resume any of the power it has delegated to the Prime Minis-

The tone of the English press with reference to the postponement of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Midlothian has been somewhat remarkable. They all more or less betray a feeting of satisfaction, expressed in such curious terms that it is hardly uncharitable to attribute it to jealousy of Scotland. Very likely they would not admit so much even to themselves, but it is tolerably clear that they think te Mr. Glad-Seatland tayored beyond its mer stone has a message to deliver to the universe why does he go to Midiothian for a platform 7 Why no speak in London or Liverpool, or, in fact, any where but the land which he once oddly denom nated the land of the leal? He is member for Midlothian, but he is Prime Minister of the Kingdom -and so on. Such questions and comments may be natural, but the public expression of them is an in-

There are rumors of coming changes in at least three leading morning papers of London. When Mr. Chenery was made Editor of The Times, to the amazement of the journalistic world, Mr. Frederick Clifford, a Tory, who had been twenty-five years on the staff was installed as dry-nurse to Mr. Chenery, whose wanting practical acquaintance with politics and politicians was known even to Mr. Walter. Various inconveniences resulted from this arrangement; among others, the fact that a journal nominally independent with semi-Liberal leavings was left at critical moments under the guidance of a Censervative. Mr. Chenery showed little disposition to enforce his own views, when he had any, and Mr. Clifford was the power behind the throne, except when it suited Mr. Walter himself to play that rôle. But now Mr. Clifford has been forced by ill health to resign, and the paper is more hopelessly adrift than ever. Mr. Buckle is mentioned as Mr. Clifford's successor. Mr. Buckle is a young Oxford Radical whom Mr. Walter discovered less than two years ago; able, they say, and full of promise, but with none of that training in journalism which, in every office but that of The Times, is deemed indispensable to a man who has anything to do with managing. Meanwhile, the edi orship, or the real control and conduct of the leading journal of Europe, may be said to be in commission. The result of the chaos existing in the office has been that for two or three years its foreign policy has been surgely dictated from Paris by M. de Blowitz. That enterprising correspondent is the partisan and often the instruthe clerical and monarchical reaction in France, He is a Bohemian Jew who has turned Catholic, and is the steady, though not always open, enemy of the Republic. Mr. Chenery, having little knowledge of Continental affairs and apparently less interest in them, has allowed M. de Blowitz to use the Times as a vehicle for ideas and schemes totally repugnant to English Liberals, and to Englishmen in general, for Englishmen, however conservative they may be, are no partisans of clerical supremacy in the State. This is a deplorable condition for such a journal to fall into, but I can see no signs of any real reform in its management Mr. Walter is said to be content so long as the revenue of the paper does not decrease. There have been very positive statements that the circulation had gone down to a very low point. These seem to be premature, So lately as last summer the number of copies printed daily had not fallen much below 60,000. Probably at no time has the regular circulation of The Times reached 70,000. The troubles in the printing office are making less noise than they did, but I hear that the men in all departments are grumbling, and that the internal economy of the office is bad-parsimony here and wastefulness

The reports about the other two journals concern the editorship-in-chief of each. In one case it is asserted with confidence that the present Editor is tird of his post and means shortly to resign; while with equal confidence others allege that the line he has taken in politics has offended some of the leadas of the party and that legal means are to be incoked to sampel his retirement. It is not very rash | John Tyndale, translator of the Bible into English. | Europe.

tors are said to be dissatisfied for various reasons has been taken and I reveal no names.

The Irish are complaining, justly enough for aught I know, that the new Post Office contract for the between England and Ireland has been awarded to an English company. What the Post Office people care for is saving money, and the Lon-

done by the company which would do it cheapest, But the American public have an interest in this great part of the outgoing mails to the United States are dispatched to the south of Ireland and embarked at Queenstown, while nearly all the inward mails from the United States are landed at Queenstown and forwarded thence to England. This last portion of the service is performed in a very unsatisfactory way. A delay of five minutes in the arrival of a steamship from NewYork at Queenstown may, and frequently does, cause a delay of twenty-four hours in the delivery of the mails in London; sometimes 6! forty-eight hours. I once told the late Mr. Anthony Trollope protested that it was impossible, -it was too monstrous. It is monstrous, but it is true, and if Mr. Fawcett will overhauf this new contract when he gets well, be will find a beautiful opportunity of adding to his reputation as an energetic reformer. And I once more represent respectfully to the Postmaster General of the United States the desirabillty of pressing the British Post Office to remedy this long-standing grievance.

Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest to the Post master at New-York a single modification of the resent excellent system of dispatching the mails from New-York. He now selects from among the vessels sailing on a particular day the fastest ship, no matter to which line she belongs. But it sometimes happens that no fast ship sails, for example, on a Tuesday, and a very fast one on the Wednesday. If he will look at his record of arrivals he will find that the mails sent by the Abyssinia on Tuesday have not been delivered in London so soon as those dispatched by the Servia on Wedgesday. Why not, in such cases, hold over the whole mail, and send it a day later, with the probability of its arriving a day earlier ?

The English mission of Louise Michel is a failure. This woman has talked herself out in Paris, where her popularity is at an end even among the most revolutionary classes. She was never taken very seriously there, and it is odd to see a serious English journal discussing her and her lectures seriously, and commenting on her views of English society. Her views do not matter. Her audiences were small, her discourses were in French, and nineteer-twentieths of the people of London are still completely unaware of her existence. She has nothing new to say-not even so much of a theory as Mr. Henry George Her neteriety in Paris was due chiefly to the violence of her temper. She attacked and ridiculed everybody and everything which most people hold in respect. That answers for a while, but Louise Michel's day has not been a long one, and is over.

ON ART, ARTISTS AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

LONDON, January 20.

Mr. Ruskin's appointment to the Sinde Professorship of Art at Oxford delights the public, for the public has never swerved from its belief that Mr. Ruskin is the most capable and efficient as well as brilliant of art-teachers. There are artists who do not share this opinion, but they are for the moment crudently silent. The chorus of joy in the newspapers is unbroken by any discordant note. Mr. Ruskin's consent to accept the post is, interpreted as meaning that his health is restored, or restored so far as to enable bim to lecture. He is not the man to take a professorship and do nothing. His friends feared at one time teat he would never be himself again. Body and mind were affected, and the temporary mental ailment from which he suffered, probably gave rise to the curious notion expressed in one paper this week, that his later writings were inferior in form and style to his earlier. Some of his earlier luxuri

Academy is a man of first-rate ability or reputa-tion. Mr. B. W. Leader is one of the artists of the so-called English school who has devoted himself to landscape. He deserves all credit for following the bent of his own genius (perhaps talent would be a more accurate word), at a time when to choose landscape was probably to doom oneself to seclusion from the Academy, and therefore from the best shon in England for the quick sale of pictures. The Academy, however, hung Mr. Leader's paintings on its walls. He has been an exhibitor for perhaps a quarter of a century, and on the whole the quality of his painting has not been such as to make his non-election seem a crying inustice. He was a popular paint r and he has done extremely clever things, but there is something about his work which makes you think that he cares more for the public than for his art.

Mr. Brock has been made famous by the Belt case A pupil of Foley, and chosen by him to complete some of the work left unfinished at his death, Mr. Brock has a position in his profession perhaps higher than that which the public has yet awarded nim. Mr. Baron Huddleston mal/reated him, as he did every important witness for the defence, and the honor new bestowed on him by his fellow-artists might seem meant as a vindication. don't think it has occurred to anybody that Mr. Baron Huddleston's criticisms would leave a permanent mark. Mr. Brock's election to the Academy has long been expected. The attack on him from the B-nch may have gained him a few votes, but he would have become an associate without any help of that sort.

There is, however, nobody among the rising culptors who as yet gives promise of reaching great eminence-nobody who seems likely to challenge Mr. Boehm's present supremacy. Mr. Boehm is now an R. A., though imperfect recognition, or perhaps too clear-sighted perception, of his merits kept him long outside the ranks of the Forty. The greater part of the most important commissions of recent days have gone to him, and still go to him. Among the most recent and considerable the Prince Louis Napoleon memorial the recumbent statue of Dean Stanley the thoughtful and most characteristic Carlyle, firs executed in marble for Lord Rosebery, and new permanently established in the library of the castle in Dalmeny Park, with the replica in bronze rected as a memorial to the Chelsea Embankment the statue of Lord Beaconsfield and two busts of the Queen, one of which she gave to Mr. Henfrey, who had placed his villas at Baveno and Monaco at her Majesty's disposal during her last two visits to the Continent, Mr. Boehm has lately completed the modelling of a colossal statue of Sir Francis Drake, for the Duke of Bedford ; a work heroic in Drake, for the Duke of Bedford; a work heroic in treatment, as well as in size. The Elizabethan costume presents some problems to the sculptor who tume presents some problems to the sculptor who is unwilling to sacrifice strict accuracy of detail to dignity and harmony of outline. Mr. Bochm has contrived to be faithful, and even to introduce accessories which add to his difficulties withdetracting from that impression of nobility which such a statue must make upon the beholder if it is not to miss its aim altogether. The Drake is to be cast in bronze, and

to predict the failure of any such attempt as that, | This is not finished, but was far enough advanced should it be made. In the other case the propriet to show in what spirit Mr. Bochm had dealt with his subject. The grave repose of attitude, the with the editorial conduct of the paper, and to cen- reserve and simplicity of the treatment, are not less template an important change. But no resolution admirable in their way than the brilliant handling of the other figure. The two ought, in fact, to be placed permanently together on the embankment, where a site has been found for the Tyndale. A sitting statue of Darwin, colossal again, has been commenced, but is only commenced.

Mr. Frank Holl, senior, elected associate endon and Northwestern Railway Company are to graver, is now best known as the father of Mr. carry the mails under the new arrangement for Frank Holl, junior, the portrait painter, an A. R. A. \$150,000 less than was paid to the Dublio Steam of no very old date. This threefold distribution Packet Company. If the English bid was for a less of academical honors between painters, sculptors sum than the Irish bid, the Treasury would think and engravers raises afresh the question why that fact decisive, and insist on the work being etchers are denied admission or recognition by a body supposed to be constituted for the encouragement of art in general. I don't know that anybody matter, perhaps not less than the Irish. A has ever offered a satisfactory answer; if answer there be. Sir Frederick Leighton, who is orator and writer as well as painter and sculptor, and who as president is the monthpiece of the Academy. might be trusted to put it in the most plausible way. I suppose he would hardly say that a form of expression into which so great a man as Rembrandt put so much of his genius, does not come within ary definition of art that could be framed by the Couneil of the Academy. Nor would be hazard the assertion that there are no English etchers worthy of honor. The use of the etching needle has not perhaps been carried to such a point of delicate perfecso. He was tong an officer of the department, and tion in England as in France,-or not by so many men. But the late Mr. Palmer, as the head of one school, and Mr. Seymour Haden, whom you have among you in America, as a brilliant performer in another, long since won a place in the esteem alike of artists and of the public. Mr. Holl's engraving is purely a work of reproduction. The work of the etcher is sometimes one of reproduction, but often purely original. Why should the copyist be adnitted and the designer be excluded ? Mr. Holl, I believe, no longer engraves. His admission is therefore a mere compliment, and marks as emphatically as possible the line which the Royal Academy of Art in England draws between etching and engraving.

Readers of Thursday's Standard (London, January 18) have a cheerful view of affairs in Washington as seen through the extremely chromatic glasses of its New-York correspondent. He does not approve of the conduct of the Tariff discussion or of those who take part in it. Scarcely a dozen members (Senators and Representatives included) seem to him to show a real interest in, or knowledge of, the main subject, or of the principles of taxation. Even this dozen never refer to the general effect to be produced upon trade, but limit their views to particular interests or localities or industries. The struggle is carried on with bitterness and narrow-mindedness. The manufacturers' tactics are unscrupulous. They threaten members of Congress, they endeavor to confuse the whole subject-and so on. Is this correspondent an American? And if he is, what is to be said of an American who blackens the character of his own countrymen and of the whole National Legislature in the columns of a foreign paper ?

I hope I may be excused from describing what is called the Hounslow tragedy. It fills the papers, which, the season being for moment dull, rejoice in the sensation. But the verdict of the coroner's jury is worth quoting as a singularly condensed and foreible summary of the case. They found that Dr. Edwardes had committed snielde while laboring under temporary insanity, and expressed their emphatic opinto that "he had been driven to his death by the pressure brought to bear on him by his partner, Dr. Who marsh, in using the false charge of Mrs. Bigdissolution of partnership." It may be doubted whether any member of the coroner's jury framed that cogent sent-nee; a sentence which between two periods vindicates the memory of Dr. Edwardes, denounces Mrs. Eignell's mendacity, accuses her and Dr. Whitmarsh of conspiracy; and puts into a legal formula the whole weight of that indignant itself by wrecking Dr. Whitmarsh's house and threatening to lynch him and Mrs. Bignell together. It is not so much a verdict as an indictment. The jury could hardly have missed this or some similar result, but it is probably due to the skilful hand-ling of the case by Mr. George Lewis that the ver-have directed the military and civil administradiet has taken this vigorous form.

"The English," I read, "are a people of few reactionists and made them elves hated, ideas, and so no wonder that the Briton, when once The notion that Gambetta's death has weakened and style to instantier. Some of his carrier interest and a blue moon an idea comes his way, is so dethe Republic has brought round opinion in the his style has, on the whole, rather gained than lost. lighted with it that he must needs write at once to a South toward Floquet. Provincial folk were terriurally does not fancy being called a waterpot. Mosemist," a bater of wine, has since been proposed, but it is extremely doubtful whether waterpor will not be adopted by ac lamation. If the Lawsonites do not like it, the rest of the world may be none the less ready to fasten it on them.

"Obvette" has been again put on the Londo stage, this time at the Avenue Theatre, where "Manteaux Noirs" had a long and pres-perous career. The well-known opera of Audran ran a year or more at the Strand Theatre, where M. Marius and Miss Florence St. John created the parts which they now resume It was a favorite piece with the Prince of Wales, if that be important, and with the whole public of London and of the provinces, and of more remote parts of the earth. Miss St. John's Olivette is as resh and piquant and genuinely at sistic as ever on the dramatic side. In voice and musical method this charming singer has gained with the lapse of time since she first delighted the golden youth of London. M. Marius also is a more accomplished actor than then, and altogether the opera seems likely to fill the Avenue Theatre for the rest of the

The society papers of London are in nothing more unlocky than in their announcements of marriages, the creater part of which seem made only to be contradicted. The latest exploit of one of the most adventurous among them is to proclaim the approaching nuntuals or Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, of London, with Mile, Beatrix, daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris. There are several circumstances which might have induced a scrupulous chronicler to pause before publishing such a statement as that. It may be sufficient to mention one. Mile, Beatrix is the nicce of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild. The story is of course without any foundation whatever.

THE CLEVER WOMEN OF MEXICO.

ome difficulty that a woman is able to do any work except that of teaching.

The stand taken by Schorita Montova, of Puebla, is worthy of notice. At the age of twelve years this remarkable girl had finished the course of study at the young ladies' academy where she at-tended, but she was refused a final examination be-cause it was never given to puolis under sixteen.

Resolved to waste no time, she pursued alone the Resolved to waste no time, she pursued atone the studies of botany, philosophy, chemistry, and other subjects preparatory to the study of medicine, upon which her whole mind was bent. Before the was lifteen her father, an officer in the army, hied, leaving the family penniless, and she at once, assuming the support of her widowed mother, took up the business of nursing, making a special study of the diseases of her own set.

mission to the Medical College at Puebla. After much oppositions he succeeded in obtaining permission from the Government to enter as a special student. While pursuing her studies she has supported herself by teaching and by acting as physician in the women's hostital. She has recently passed an examination with high honors, and will soon receive her degree as doctor of medicine. She is now about twenty-five years old.

Art culture is also well developed among Mexical women. At the recent exhibition of paintings, held to celebrate the centennial of the Academy of Fine

fitting destination, yet one must regret that a work of this character could not be kept for London.

In sharp contrast to the Drake stood side by side with it in the studio the figure, also colossal, of remarkable genius, now have the studio the figure, also colossal, of remarkable genius, now have the studio the studio the figure.

FRENCH TOPICS.

MR. GLADSTONE AT CANNES-THE MAR-

SEILLAIS-GUSTAVE DORE. FROM A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. CANNES, Jan. 25 .- I came down here expecting to enjoy sunshine and a blue sky. Instead, I have to endure bitterly cold weather and sleet which throws a gray curtain over all the landscape. In fine weather Cannes is an enjoyable place for those who are fond of long carriage rides and are able to afford them. If it were not in proximity to Nice and Monaco it would be very dull. There is no social centre and the rich folk who come here for the winter are not expected to entertain. Most of them reside in hotels and lodging-houses which are spread about over a large area. Colonel John Hay and Mrs. Hay are at the Prince de Galles Hotel. The Comte and Comtesse de Paris live in the most retired way in a pretty villa half-way up the mountain that hes between Cannes and Nice. It stands in extensive and shady grounds in which they can take unobserved openair exercise. Nothing is more rare than to see them on any of the frequented roads. On Sundays they

attend mass in a country church near Grasse. The

other members of the congregation do not know

who they are. It is for the Comte de Paris's health

that they migrate each winter to Cannes. His

infirmity. Lords Wolverton and Acton keep watch at the Villa Scott to prevent Mr. Gladstone being disturbed by visitors. The illustrious English Premier enjoys his holiday, which is the first real one that he has had for a long number of years. But the snowy weather confines him to the house, and the drizzle and sleet prevent him from gazing on the lovely bay beneath his windows, in which a French squadron lies at anchor. Mr. Gladstone's health has improved. But insomn:a still troubles him. His visage is deadly pale, and I am told Sir that his excitability is morbid. Charles Dilke, Sir Henry Keating, and the Comte de Paris are the only visitors who have been allowed access to him. Mr. T. B. Potter called, but only to make inquiries of Mrs. Gladstone. After he had taken leave, Mr. Gladstone heard of his visit and ran after him into the grounds just to shake hands with him. All letters addressed to the statesman are opened by his wife or daughter, and it is only the least important that are comcated to him. He was shown one yesterday from the gardener at Hawarden. From Downing-st, his

Sir Charles Dilke keeps out of the way of his French friends. He has been here, at Nice, at Monaco, at Mentone, at Genoa and at Florence, but very little at his place at Cap Brun, near Toulon His house there is built at the extremity of a headland on the southeastern side of the barber, and commands a glorious view of all the promontories, rocks and isles, between on one side Toulon and Italy, and on the other the gulf at the head of which Marseilles is situated. Sir Charles is an accomplished horticulturist. His garden is the pride of the Reviera. It is not very large, but it is so well laid out that it gives the idea of considerable space. A wing of the villa is in the Chinese style and furnished with objects purchased by Sir Charles in his Eastern tour. Cap Brun is at once sunny and breezy. M. Emile Ohivier resides at St. Tropez, one of the headlands visible from the English baronet's windows,

isolation is well-nigh complete.

On my way here I stopped for a day at Marseilles and found that town a good deal excited about the Floquet bill and the manifesto of Prince Napoleon The Marseillais are not Republicans and like to express unreservedly their feelings and opinions, Nearly all the male inhabitants talk politics in the cafes of the Cannetière, which is to them what th Boulevard des Italiens is to the Parisians. The dock porter and the wealthy merchant rub shoulders there. Marseilles is not rich in journals. Its three great organs are Le Petit Marseillais, which circulates all over the South, Le Petit Prorengal, and Le Semaphore. The first named is Kadical and hasbeen Gambertrat, the second is Republican saus phrase, and the third a shade less advanced. All three are for the expulsion of the Princes, who if Grevy died might -or rather would-they say, become a public dan

tions at Marscilles since 1870, have been despoti

of the mourning year. On the 1st of January the news was telegraphed far and wide that Gambetta was no more. On the day that his corpse was borne to Fère Luchaise General Changy died. The silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany has been spoiled by the decease of their uncle, Prince Charles, the brother of the old Emperor and the grandfather of the Duchess of Connaught. On last Tuesday night a great artist descended to his tomb-Gustave Doré, who was suffocated by croup. He died in the apartments in the Rue Dominique St. Germain where he had resided for more than twelve years There also resided the late Duchess Castiglione Colonas. This lady obtained a fair repute as a culptor. She signed her works " arcello." In 1867 she exhibited at the World's Fair busts of Bi anca Capello, the fair poisoner; of Bismarck, and of

Gustave Doré was a man of great talent and productive power. He drew pictures with as much facility as rese-bushes bear roses. His face did not, however, express any sort of power. The first time I saw him he struck me as insignificant, and after 1 was introduced to him I was puzzled to think where his strength lay. He was a boyish sort of adult. could not feel any sort of respect for him, and I afterward learned that, artistic talent apart, he was not particularly worthy of admiration. Of ladies stood in awe; but he liked society both of women and of men. The Prince of Wales was ha patron and kept company with him. He frequently asked Gustave Doré to joyous dinners at the Café de la Paix, and when the artist went to London admitted him to the Marlborough House set,

Gustave Dore's works impressed me like tight rope dancing. I admired his facility, but I never elt en husiastic about what he produced. He was oo prone to fantasy and sen imentalism. His old middle-aged keeps perched on conical mountains gave one the impression of being haunted by the spirits of wicked old Ritters. The trees around them were made to look as they might have seemed to a cowardly child who bette od in ghosts and dis covered in each of them a bogey. Gustave Doré gave the rein to his imagination in illustrating the Contes Drolatiques" of Balzac. The heroes and heroines of these tales were contemporaries of Freissart, and enjoyed life immensely in the fashion genial to his soul when he accepted an engagement to illustrate "The Wandering Jew," the "Stories of Perrault," and the "Inferno" of Danté. Under all circumstances he was sensational and could not be otherwise. As his own emotions were not profound or elevated, he rarely stirred the higher sentiments, He was perhaps dramatic, but seldom if ever eloquent. But a Tentonic appreciation of the beauties of nature showed itself in his landscape paintings. What he best rendered was mountain scenery, and of it the moss, the heather, the rock, the fern, and the trickling spring. French critics, however, would not admit that he was a painter. But they classed him among the first illustrators of the period. On the whole, they were right. The best of Doré's landscapes were painted after he had become familiar with the English school and satat the feet of Millais. Be ore he went to England he drew on his imagination for his landscapes. He worked as it he had been a musician and not a designer and painter, and did not take the trouble to observe nature closely.

He might have been a distinguished composer if of the Middle Ages. Doré also undertook a labor con

he had studied music seriously. As it was, he was a very agreeable violinist. He was born in the year in which Asiatic coolera first swept over Europe, and had a narrow escape from being victimized by the terrible epidemic. His nurse claimed to have saved him by swallowing a tumbler of Kirsch, which "medicated" the nourishment of the infant. which "medicated" the nourishment of the infant. At the Charlemagne Lyccum, in Paris, where he was sent to receive classical and scientific instruction, he was held to be an unpromising pupil, and did not learn much. There were at that time from 122 to 130 pupils in the uper classes of this school. It was impossible for the teachers to spend time on careless or lazy boys. Edmond About and Alfred Assolant were educated at the Charlemagne College. But as they were hard worke sthey got on there. Dore's sole occupation was to draw in his copybooks, one of which was shown to Bertall. That caricaturist at once made an offer to the youth which was accepted. It was to cuter the bureau of the Journal Pour Rire as a draughtsman. The salary was not very high. But it appeared a fortune to a lad of sixteen. At the age of eighteen he exhibited in the

The salary was not very high. But it appeared a fortune to a lad of sixteen. At the age of eighteen he exhibited in the salon pen-and-ink drawings of Alsatian landscapes done from memory, and of pines that grew on a storm-beaten hill. But what opened to him the road to ce ebri y was his engraved drawing of the battle of Inkermann, which he had not seen. It was a work of pure magication. But as none of the jurors had witnessed that famous struggle they accepted Doré's view of it as gospel, and rewarded him with an honorable mention.

This success led to his engagement as the special artist or the Hustration in the camoaign of 1859. It was he who turnished that journal with sketches of military engagements in Lombardy, and of the gruesome scenes in the French ambulances which remiered the war so distasteful to Napol-on III.

Two years previously Doré had made a great work with the illustrations of "Les Contes Drolatiques." Publishers who, literary taste having died out in high society, could not sell the works of great modern authors, employed Doré to illustrate them. He successively illustrated "Les Essais de Montaigne," "Le Juit Errant," "L'Enfer" of Danté, "Le Voyage aux Pyrenés" of Taine, "Les Contes de Perrault," "Don Quehotte," "La Bible " "Purgatoire, et Paradis," and "Les Fables de la Fontaine." He then went to London to illustrate a work on the seamy side of that great city, and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." His paintings succeeded in England. The vulgar there liked them, and I believe the aristocratic class also. Gustave Doré in frequenting the studio of the Duchess de Castiglione Colonna was bitten with her taste for sculpine. He succeeded beyond his expectations in his group of threshers, which was exhibited two years ago. mother had weak lungs and he has inherited her

CUPID IN CUSTODY.

From The Confinent "Cupid, little criminal, What have you been doing?" "Nothing wrong, oh, nothing wrong; Just a little wooing."

"You've been stealing hearts, I fear, "No, I haven't, no, I haven't; They were all my cousins."

"Come along, you little fraud; You will have to tarry In a prison, till you learn Wooing means to marry."

"Very well, here's Bonnybelle; She shall be the winner." Bonnybelle said, "Officer, Free the fittle sinner." "Oh, I'll marry-Bonnybelle

Knows my truth and purity; Here is good Saint Valentine, He'il be my security." MARY A. BARR.

ON SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

From The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

It is both a Christian and moral truth that every one is worth knowing, but as a matter of policy it is even truer that every one is worth knowing. Gubernatorial elections and social influence depend on such knowledge, and that cosmopolitan grace which marks a well-bred person who is afraid of no one. If the German narrows society in a dancing hall, still more can the absence of introductions diminish our social pleasures; for it would be foolish to exocet that Boston is yet old enough to enable one to speak to another in a friend's drawing-room without being presented. A most amusing instance of the consequence of such fearlessures was a scene he: ween an elderly and a middle-aged lady in a crowded supper room on fleacon-st. The younger one had eaten her salad and tees in unbroken shence; so had the elderly woman. As coffee was still to be handed round, the first ventured to remark that, as the room was very hot, the ice was refreshing.

"Yes," was the long drawn reply, coupled with the words, "Have I met you betage!" From The Boston Saturday Evening Gaze

handed found, the first ventured to remark that, as the room was very hot, the nee was re-freshing. "Yes," was the long drawn reply, coupled with the words, "Have I met you better?" "No." was the amused answer: "perhaps we may never meet again; but I fancied we might speak to each other now."

"Yes I am Mrs. B.—, of D-ave. And you?"

"I am Miss W.—, of X-st."

"Ah! indeed! The tee is cooling." And the older lady, having satisfied herself that the person had a name she had known, slowly draft dinto \$\frac{1}{2}\$ consistency.

The "Bo ton Blue Book," whose circulation is getting to be so common that first-cases families inde in covers of mediaval embroidery, should publish, as a tule for ail the families, in one of its divisions, that at the houses of persons living in such streets introductions were unnecessary; or else bis style has, on the whole, rather gained than lost. Read the "Arrows of the Chace." They are fugitive productions, to use an ant-quated phrase—were occasional let ers to newspapers—but they are models of pure, clear, racy, idiomatic, condensed and fluent English.

None of the newly elected associates of the Royal Academy is a man of first-rate ability or reputation.

Ighted with it that he must needs write at once to a daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper, "a sentence which only a firition daily newspaper,"—a sentence which only mplausant than their younger brethren, and

seconplish introductions. Older men are much more complaisant than their younger ore thren, and, having been hosts themselves, are in turn disposed to self-sacrifiee; the younger men are more fearful of compromising themselves or their set.

At least one-third of the world is plain and awkward, so would it not be well to insist on a forced growth of conscience, which should deter a young lady before he is introduced to her, and which should compel a young by to instantly draw the inwilling victim into conversation? It is time for hostesses and ratronesses to insist on their rights, if guests have become the lawgivers, and decline all introductions except those they desire. Some people cannot accept an invitation without bringing their personal captices with them. Many of our elderly young men decline an introduction, as they "already have such an extensive circle." One such individual was asked to be presented to a lady who was sitting alone. He eyed her back and front and declined. He returned half an hour later, saying, "Fill be introduced to her now. I see several of the men have been talking to ker. Her profile is not bad." "No," replied the lady. "When I asked you because she was my friend, you declined. Now I accline to a fresent you."

One of Boston's oldest families gave a reception.

CALIFORNIAN HOLIDAYS.

SANTA BARBARA.

from a staff correspondent of the tribune. 1
Santa Harbara, Cal, February 2.
The situation of Sauta Barbara is almost exactly

the same as that of the towns on the Mediterranean Riviera. Like Monaco, Mentone, San Remo, and the other popular resorts of that famous region, it lies under the lee of a wall of mountains running east and west. The strip of coast slopes gently toward the south, and the houses look out upon a warm and quiet sea. Owing to the trend of the shore and the protection of a line of islands, the cold currents of the Pacific are not felt here. A placia little nook of ocean seems to have been provided by nature, where the sun shines atmost always, and the hurlyburly of traffic and speculation is hushed. The nearest rallway station is eighty miles away, on the other side of the mountains. Once Santa Barbara had its era of great expectations, like all the other settlements in California; and it built a great many more shops and "business blocks" than it had any use for; a theatre - bech is hardly ever opened, and a big college from which the last pupil long ago departed. But the fever soon burned itself out: there was really so little for it to feed upon. A period of steady industry and moderate thrift has followed. Little by little the community is growing up to the capacity of its premature buildings, and looking forward to the time when it shall have a railway. and vines shall cover the foot-hills, and the bountiful soil shall show its capacity. Meanwhile there are sheep and cattle and fields of grain; apricots are raised in large quantities for canning; and one ranch is famous for the production of olive oil. The orange groves that I have seen are young and do not look healthy. Provisions of various kinds are brought by steamer from other parts of the coast. A large proportion of the inhabitants are people of leisure, elegant or otherwise. Their lives are marked by ease, simplicity, and content-which are not the characteristic virtues of California, but are comfortable qualities nevertheless. Many came here from the East for health, and having found it. they have resolved to stay for life, farming or trading or following whatever other calling they may be fit for.

So much has been said about the winter climate of southern California that I hesitate to set down impressions which do not accord in all respects with the opinions of other travellers. Where nature is prodigal of pleasant surprises, it is difficult for a stranger to write at all about the country without some exaggeration, and it is of course rash to venture a juggment upon climate from the experience of only one season. In other words, one must distinguish between the climate and the weather. The good days at Santa Barbara are among the most delightful in the world; and there are few days nere in winter when the most delicate invalid may not stay out of doors as long as he has the strength to walk or to ride. The ordinary temperature is from five to ten degrees higher than that of Mentone; the air is soft and genial; the gampness of the ocean is hardly perceptible in the upper part of the town, and I know of no seaside place except on the Riviera which is upon the whole so dry. Santa Barbara, moreover, is free from serious drawbacks which impair the value of all the Mediterranean health resorts such as the bad company, the bad smells and the violent contrasts of temperature between sun and shade, the epen country and the narrow streets. On the other hand the Californian town has its

faults. A raw wind, loaded with chilly moisture, does sometimes blow in from the sea. Fogs are not uncommon. Sudden changes of temperature are freopent and vexations. A little over two weeks ago there was thick ice at the fountain, the lawn around it was covered with icicles for three mornings, the lilies were completely incased, and waterpipes were frozen. Suddenly one night the mercury began to rise after sundown, and a furious hot wind came tearing like a cyclone over the mountains. At sunrise the temperature was 78°, and at 3 o'clock it was 850 in a shady corner of the room. After an interval of one mild day, this heat was succeeded by an equally violent cold wind-a roaring northwesterly gate which has been blowing now for two days, with blinding clouds of dust, and a temperatme 30 or 40 degrees lower than that of its predecessor. March at the East can show nothing worse. Such days are said to be unusual; out wind and dust are certainly not rare, the mountain barrier which partially shelters the town on the north being a far less effectual protection, than the sor ewhat similar range which extends along the Mediterranean Riviera. The rains which have been very heavy in the northern part of the State have not yet reached Santa Barbara, and farmers are dreading the most terrible of Californian misfortunes- a dry winter. It is only between April and December that any showers fall in this section, and when the skies withhold their customary winter supply the crops dwindle, the land remains bare and brown for a whole year, and animals die by thousands for want of forage. There was a heavy rain on the first of January, but there has been

once is a mpre a lady or gentleman from abother city, or from a ske errier to four own city, it is hear by a complain as an than their younger orethren, and having been hosts themselves, are in turn disposed to self-sacrifie; the younger men are more fearful completions that the property of the rest. At least orong if not be well to insist on a forced for consisting the assertives or their set.

At least orong if not be well to insist on a forced from the property of the set of consisting the service of the set away, and spreads vigorously from the stumps. He encalyptus is a shim and towering forest tree which grows twelve or lifteen feet in a single season, and at the age of six or seven years furnishes an annual supply of firewood from its superfluous branches. A favorite device is to plant it alternately with the pepper, and trim off all the branches except those which overtop the pepper. The two together thus furnish a close wind-barrier, a hedge, it one may call it so, fifty or sixty feet in height, always growing, always green, and always presenting an exquisite contrast of colors and characteristics. The fosiliage of the encalyptus is long and stiff, and when full-grown it is dark; but the young leaves have a peculiar bluish tint which is sometimes distinctly opalescent. At this season the tree is decked with conspictions whitish blossoms. Both the pepper and the encalyptus are called untidy trees. The one sheds long strips of the scaly bark, the other strews the ground with myriads of dried berries. But as a consequence—and at those frequent times especially when the rubbish is gathered up and burned—the air of the city is loaded with a pungent aroma. There is a certain shady part of State-st, where I am particularly fond of walking, because there I always scent a delicious perfume like the mysterious odors of a Japanese shoo.